

Nightmares

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Summary: Fem!Harry wakes up from a nightmare and Sirius is there to comfort her. Fem!Harry. One-shot.

Nightmares

****Warnings: Fem!Harry****

****Disclaimer: I do not, nor will ever, own the Harry Potter franchise. Everything belongs to J. K. Rowling. The only thing I own of Harry Potter are the books I bought at a store, as well as a purchased coloring book of it. What can I say? I love to color.****

Harry woke up with sweat dripping down the side of her pale face and her black, unmanageble hair sticking to the back of her neck. Soft gasps escape through her pink lips as she tries to regain her lost breath, and emerald eyes were wide open in silent terror. She pushes her sweat-induced bangs out of her eyes with a shaking small hand. Another nightmare had greeted her when she fell asleep just hours ago, when both her and Ron had said their respected goodnights to everyone. Before sleep greeted her like a long lost friend, hope dwelled within her at the thought of finally having a decent night's sleep for a change now that she was with her godfather Sirius, the Weasley's, and Hermione at number twelve, Grimmauld Place. All of that precious hope, though, had gone right down the drain when her mind played images of all of her loved one's dieing at the hands of the moster Voldemort.

To her right, snoring as loud as ever, was the youngest boy of the Weasley family and one of her best friends, Ron Weasley. She offered to share a room with Ron when she got here earlier that summer, despite Sirius's and Mrs. Weasley's strong protest, to save some space despite number twelve, Grimmauld Place having a huge load of rooms to spare. The other unoccupied rooms, she protested to the two of them, could go to the members of the Order, who usually stop once

in a while at night to get some much deserved rest.

Making sure that Ron was sound asleep, she carefully got out of bed, avoiding all of the places where she knew the floorboards would creek under her weight. The bed springs inside the mattress gave a noise of protest as she got out of the old bed, the wooden door acting the same way. Her plan was to go to Sirius's room, knowing that he would still be awake at this hour, which would comfort her rapidly beating heart just knowing that he would be safe. She had once seen him staring at his bedroom wall, seeming lost in his scattered thoughts, one night when she had gone to the bathroom during the middle of the night. She had barged into his room with worry aching at her heart, startling him beyond belief, and cornered him to admitting that it takes him a while to fall asleep. She had seen the hesitation at the time, and knew that he could have been lying when he told her that. She knew that he had lied due to the hesitation in his tired eyes, but didn't press into the subject any more than she already had.

She brings her clenched fist down on his door, just loud enough so he would be able to hear the knock and no one else. She knocks once, twice, three times in a row and patiently waits outside for his response. Moments later, her ears catch the words 'come in' said by Sirius's familiar voice. He doesn't speak in a whisper, knowing that no one besides her will hear the uttered words due to all the rooms on that floor currently being unoccupied.

Harry reluctantly opened the door, the old wood creaking ominously with each movement. She has the image of a baby crying when it is upset some way or another pop into her head at the sound, which she finds really weird but her mind is weird in general. The first thing she saw once she entered the room were all of the moving, and not moving, posters and photographs plastered to the wall. She remembered Hermione telling her that she had the sneaking suspicion that they were stuck to the wall with some sort of spell. Then her eyes raked over the dust-free furniture which had recently been cleaned to the best of Sirius's ability.

Having his left arm prop his body up enough to see the door is her godfather, Sirius Black, in all his glory with some of his long hair falling into his eyes. A smile appears on his lips at the sight of his goddaughter, but slips away fast at the scared look she is trying to hide from him. Concern flowing in his veins, he fully sits up and beckons her to sit next to him. Scooting over to make room for her, he puts an arm around her shoulders and pulls her into his chest as she sits down. She wraps her arms tightly around his waist, enjoying a familiar and comforting presence. She knows that he's one of the only people she can truly count on to be there for her and offer advice when she needs it. He always has the strange ability to calm her down.

"Did you have a nightmare?" he asks her quietly, understanding flooding him as she nods her head. He still has nightmares of his own, more often than not sadly. Because of that he barely gets any sleep, but always manages to get at least more than thirty minutes of sleep in the end. That's better than no sleep in his book. "It's okay," he reassures her, now stroking her hair and planting a kiss on the top of her head. "We all have nightmares sooner or later in life. They're just that, though: nightmares. They can't hurt us physically, just mentally. But I'll be sure to fight them off with you." He made sure not to say the words 'I'll fight them off for you' because

knowing Harry, she'll complain about him thinking that she isn't strong enough to handle them herself.

They both stayed like that for minutes, or maybe even hours; the two of them lost track of time. They both enjoyed the silence of the room, a good change from the chaos their life currently is slapping them in the face with. Harry finally fell asleep in his arms thirty minutes later, exhaustion and the peaceful atmosphere lulling her to a soundless sleep. Sirius smiles down at her sleeping form, remembering that the last time he saw her this peaceful when she was just a baby. He carefully lays her down on one side of the bed, stroking her smooth right cheek. He leans down and plants a kiss on her forehead, looking at her with nothing but love and longing in his eyes.

"I love you, Harry. I just wish I had the courage to admit it to you." He knew that Harry, along with Remus of course, was one of the people in his life left that held his sanity together. Over the time that he got to know her, he had found himself slowly falling in love with her. He knows, though, that they will never, could never, get together and live the rest of their lives in peace. It was near impossible and their major age difference also interfered in that dream. Even after if they managed to take down Voldemort, she would end up with someone better than him. He had the strong suspicion that she may end up with that Malfoy kid, despite him being on the opposing side right now. Love worked in strange ways, he reminded himself.

With the recent, admitted words hanging in the air, he lays back down and falls asleep next to the black-haired angel. All throughout the night, the both of them slept peacefully for the first time in a couple of days.

****Finished.** When I had wrote this story, I had imagined Sirius looking like the books had described since I am most used to his appearance as that way. When I imagine the actor that plays Sirius in the movie, I just can't picture Sirius involved in any romance which is hard since I wanted to write this romance one-shot. Also, it's easier to write a Fem!Harry and Sirius romance with his description in the books. If any of you have any tips on ways I can improve my writing, I'm all ears.******

End
file.